3d. Americans must rule America, and to this end native-born citizens should be selected for all State, Federal, and municipal offices or government employment. in preference to all others:

assembly ment. In preserve to an others:

avertheless,

4th. Persons born of American parents residing temporarily abroad, should be entitled to all the rights of native-born citizens; but

5th. No person should be selected for political station, (whether of native or foreign birth,) who recognises any allegiance or obligation of any description to any foreign prince, potentate or power, or who refuses to recognise the Federal and State constitutions (each within its sphere) as paramounit to all other k.ws, as rules of political action.

6th. The unqualified recognition and mainterance of the reserved rights of the several States, and the cultivation of harmony and fraternal good

r ance of the reserved rights of the several States, and the cultivation of harmony and fraternal good will, between the citizens of the several States, and to this end, non-interference by Congress with questions appertaining solely to the individual states, and non-intervention by each State with the affairs of any other State.

7th. The recognition of the right of the native-born and naturalized citizens of the United States, permanently residing in any Territory the cof, to feame their constitution and laws, and to r gulate their demestic and social affairs in their own mode, a thject only to the provisions of the Federal Constitution and the second constitution and social affairs in their own mode,

their domestic and social affairs in their own moue, subject only to the provisions of the Federal Constitution, with the privilege of admission into the Union whenever they have the requisite population of the Provided tion for one Representative in Congress: Provided always, that none but those who are citizens of the United States, under the constitution and laws thereof, and who have a fixed residence in any

such Territory, ought to participate in the forma-tion of the constitution, or in the enactment of laws for said Territory or State.

Sth. An enforcement of the principle that no State or Territory ought to admit others than citi-zens of the United States to the right of suffrage, or of helding political office.

zens of the United States to the right of suffrage, or of holding political office.

9th. A change in the laws of naturalization, making a continued residence of two zero or years, of all not hereinbefore provided for, in indispensable requisite for citizenship herea cr., and excluding all paupers, and persons convicted of crime, from landing upon overshores; but no interference with the vested right so of foreigners.

10th. Opposition to any union between Church and State; no interference with religious faith, or worship, and no test oaths for office.

11th. Free and thorough investigation into any and all alleged abuses of public functionaries, and a strict economy in public expenditures.

12th. The maintenance and enforcement of all laws constitutionally enseted, until said laws shall

laws constitutionally enacted, until said laws shall be repealed, or shall be declared null and void by

competent judicial authority.

13th. A free and open discussion of all political principles embraced in our platform.

TRAVELER'S GUIDE. Washington Branch Railroad.

Trains run as follows:
From Washington at 6 a. m., connecting at Relay with trains from the West, and at Baltimore with those for Philadelphia and New York.
At 8,50 a. m. for Annapolis, Baltimore, Philadelphia and New York.
At 3 p. m. for Baltimore and Norfolk, and at Relay with the Frederick train.

Express at 4.20 p. m. at Relay for the West, and for Annapolis, Baltimore, Philadelphia, and New

York.
On Sunday at 7 a. m. and 4.20 p. m.
From Baltimore to Washington at 4.15 and 9.15 a.
m.; 3 and 5.15 p. m.
On Sunday 4.15 a. m. and 5.15. p. m.

Cars and Boats for the South. For New Orleans via Aquia creek, the boats leave at 6 a. m. and 7 p. m., or on arrival of the Northern

cars.

For the South, via the Orange and Alexandria and
the Virginia Central rullroads, cars leave Alexandria
at 7½ a. m. and 8½ p. p.

Stages from Washington.

[H. W. Martin, agent, office Franklin House corner of Eighth and D streets.]
For Leonardtown and Charlotte Hall, Md., leave Monday, Wednesday and Friday, at 6½ s. m.
For Port Tobacco, Md., leave Tuesday, Thursday, a Saturday at 635 a. m. For Upper Marlboro', Md., leave daily at 635 a. m. For Rockville, Md., leave daily at 635 a. m. For Frederick, Md., leave Tuesday, Thursday, and

Saurday at 63 a. m.
For Leesburg and Winchester, Va., leave Tuesday,
Thursday and Saturday at 43 a. m.
For Brookville and Mechanicsville, Md., leave
Dorsey's hotel, 7th street.

The Mails.

First Northern and Eastern Mail closes at 9 p. m., departing at 5 a. m., next morning, (except Sundays) and arrives at 6 a. m.

Second Northern and Eastern Mail closes at 3 % p. m., and arrives at 7 p. m., except Sunday.

First Southern Mail closes at 6 p. m., and arrives

at 51/4 a. m. Second Southern Mail closes at 9 p. m., and arrives

at 4 p. m. Western Mail closes at 2 p. m., and arrives at

p. m. Northwestern Mail closes at 2 p. m., and arrives at p. m. Norfolk and Portsmouth Mail closes at 2 p. m., and

Norfolk and Portsmouth Mail closes at 2 p. m., and arrives at 11½ daily, except Sunday.

Annapolis Mail closes at 3½ p. m. and 9 p. m. except Sunday, and arrives at 11½ a. m. and 7 p. m.

Leesburg Mail closes on Monday, Wednesday, and Friday at 9 p. m., and arrives same days at 7½ p. m.

Rockville Mail closes at 9 p. m., except Sunday, departing at 7 a. m., and arrives at 6 p. m.

Por Tobacco Mail closes at 9 p. m., except Sunday, departing at 7 a. m., and arrives at 6 p. m.

Leonardtown Mail closes on Sunday, Tuesday, and Thursday at 9 p. m., and arrives Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at 7½ p. m.

Colesville Mail closes on Monday, Wednesday, and Friday at 9 p. m., and arrives on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at 2 p. m., and arrives on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at 2 p. m., and arrives on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at 2 p. m.

and Saturday at 2 p. m.

Georgetown Mail closes at 3 ½ p. m. and 9 p. m.,
and arrives at 5 a. m. and 3 p. m.

Upper Marlboro' Mail closes daily, except Sunday,
at 9 p. m., and arrives at 5 p. m.

Post Office Hours.

The office is kept open for the delivery of letters and papers from 8 a. m. until 8 o'clock p. m. except on Sunday, when it is open from 8 to 10 a. m., and from 6 to 7 p. m.

Postage on all letters and transient newspapers to places within the United States must be pre-paid.

(Signed)

JAMES G. BERRET, Postmaster.

Telegraph Offices.

House's Printing Telegraph, National Hotel, entrance on Sixth street, one door north of Pennsylva nia avenue. To New York via Baltimore, Philadelphia, and intermediate points; connecting at New York with the Eastern line to St. Johns and the Western lines to New Orleans.

Magnetic Telegraph, National Hotel, corner of 6th street and Pennsylvania Avenue. To New York, connecting as above with the extreme East and West.

Yest.
Southern Telegraph, National Hotel. To New Or nans via Alexandria, Richmond, Augusta and Mo ile, and intermediate points, including all the ses

tern Telegraph, Papnsylvania Avenne, be Sixth and Seventh streets, over Gilman's drug To Wheeling and intermediate points con g with all the Western and Northwestern

T. K. GRAY, EASHIONABLE TAILOR, ti set, one door west of National I.
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JOHN L. SMITH. Street, near Pennsylvania Avenue, Washington, D. C.

IR AMERICAN.

"The Perpetuation of American Freedom is our object; American Rights our motto; and the American Party our cognomen."

Sursum Corda.

VOL. I.

BY CHARLES JAMES CANNON.

Poor, unhoping sons of toil, Tillers of a barren soil, That in tears do sow, again, Year by year, to reap in pain, Pinched by hunger and by cold Till your hearts in youth are old; Mourners, who have seen in dust Crumble every hope and trust,

Ye who have to earth been trod, And forgotten seem of God; Nations, in whose life's warm tide is the royal purple dyed; Poland that didst struggle on Mandilly, till name was cope; Manfully, till name was gone; Erin, that for years hast borne Chains and stripes and bitter score,

God will yet reward your toil,
Patient tillers of the soil,
Ye who hunger He will feed;
Heal the wounds that inly bleed;
Strike from lordly brows the crown,
And the tyrant's throne cast down,
Then, ye trampled nations! then
Shall ye rise and stand like men.
Sursum Corda.

THE MOTHER AND CHILD. OR, THE FIRE FLY.

On the evening of a hot and sultry summer day, Maria, a poor widow, sat at the open window of her little chamber, and gazed out upon the neat orchard which surrounded her little cottage. The grass had been mown in the morning, but the heat of the sun had soon dried it. She had already gathered it into heaps, and the sweet smell of the hay now blew into the chamber as if to refresh and strengthen her after her labor. The glow of sun-set was already fading upon the border of the clear and cloudless sky, and the moon shown calm and highly into the little dearbox sudgestive the bright into the little chamber, shadowing the square panes of the half open window, together with the grape vices which adorned it, upon the nicely ganded floor. Little Ferdinand, a bey of six years of age, stood leaving against the window frame; his blooming face and yellow locks, with a portion of his white clean shirt sleeves and scarlet shirt was distinctly visible in the meanlight. shirt was distinctly visible in the moonlight.

The poor woman was sitting thus to rest herself, perhaps. But oppressive as had been the labor of the sultry day, yet a heavier burden weighed upon her bosom, and rendered her forgetful of her weariness. She had eaten but a spoonful or two of their supper, which consisted of b ead and milk. Little Ferdinand was, also greatly disturbed, but did not speak, because he say that his mother was so sorrowful, having observed that his mother, in-stead of eating, wept bitterly, he had laid side his spoon, and the earthen dish stood upon the table

most as full as when served up.

Maria was left a widow in the early part of the previous spring. Her deceased husband, one of the worthiest men in the village, had, by industry and economy, saved a sum of money, sufficient to purchase the little cottage, with its neat meadow, though not entirely free from incumbrance. The industrious man had planted the green and cheerful field with young trees which already bore the finest fruit. He had chosen staria for his wife, although she was a poor orphan, and her parents had been able to give head the action of the start of had been able to give her nothing more good education; he had chosen her becau because she was known as the most pious, industrious and well behaved maiden in the village. They had lived happy together. But the typhus fever broke out in the village, and her husband died. Having nursed him with the greatest tenderness, she herself was attacked with it, after his death, and

barely escaped with life.

Her husband's sickness and her own had thrown them much behind hand; but now she must even part with her little cottage. Her deceased husband had long labored for the richest peasant in the book. It might have laid there a hundred the book. It might have laid there a hundred the country, a man by the name of Meyer. The peasant, who highly esteemed him on account of his fidelity and industry, had lent him three hundred crowns to purchase this cottage, with the ground belonging to it, upon the condition that he would pay off fifty crowns yearly, twenty five in money and twenty five in labor. Until the year that he was taken sick, her bushind had faithfully performed his agreement, and the debt now amounted to but fifty crowns. Maria knew all this very well.

Meyer now died with the same disease. The

heirs, a sow and daughter in law, found the note for three hundred crowns among the papers of the deceased. They did not know a word about the affair, as the old man had never spoken of it to them. The terrified woman assured them, calling Heaven to witness, that her deceased husband had paid off the whole except fifty crowns. But all of this was of no avail. The young peasant called her a shameless liar, and summoned her before a court of law. As she could not prove that anything had been naid, it was decided that the whole claim against her was valid. The heirs insisted upon payment, and as poor Maria had nothing but her cottage and grounds, this little property must now be sold. She had fallen upon her knees be-fore the heirs, and had prayed them not to turn her out of doors; little Ferdinand wept with her-both wept, but all in vain. The following morning was appointed for the sale. She had heard this an hour before, just as she had finished her day's work. A neighbor had called out over the hedge and told it to her.

It was for this reason that she now sat so sorrow-

ful by the open window, glancing new upward to the clear sky, now upon Ferdinand, and then gazing steadily upon the floor. There was a sad

"Alas!" she said to herself, "I have to-day then raked the hav from the orchard for the last time The early yellow plums which I picked this morning for Ferdinand, are the last fruit which the poor for him. Yes, this may be the last night we may spend beneath the roof. By this time to-morrow, this cottage will be another's property, and who can say but we shall be turned out at once. Heaven alone knows where we shall find a shelter to-morrow. Perhaps under the open heave !"

began to sob violently.

Little Ferdinand, who until now had not moved.

me forward, and weepingly, said—
"Mother, do not cry so bitterly, or else I cannot
k to you. Do you not know what father said, as he died there on that bed? 'Do not weep so,' e said 'God is a father to the poor widows an Call upon him in thy distress and he will aid thee.' true then?"

'Yes my dear child," said the mother "it is

true,"
"Well," said the boy, "why do you weep so long then? Pray to God and he will help you."
"Good child, thou art right!" said his mother, and her tears flowed less bitterly, and comfort was ningled with her sorrow. She folded her arms, and raised her moist eye towards Heaven; and Fer-dinand folded his hands also, and looked upward, and the bright moon shone upon mother and

And the mother began to pray, and the boy re peated every word after her.
"Great Father in Heaven," she said, "look

dow. spon a poor mother and her child—a poor widow and a poor orphan raise their eyes to thee. We are in great need, and have no longer any refuge upon the earth. But thou art rich in mer-cy. Thou hast thyself said, 'Call upon me in the WASHINGTON CITY, AUGUST 8, 1857.

day of thy trouble, and I will deliver thee.' Oh, to thee we pray. Thrust us not forth from this dwelling—take not from a poor orphan, his only little inheritance. Or, if in thy mysterious but still most wise and benevolent purposes, thou hast expressive decreased prepared to the still rest wise and benevolent purposes, thou hast otherwise decreed, prepare for us a resting place upon the wide, vast earth. Oh, pour this consoation into our hearts, lest thy break as we wander forth, and from yonder hill turn to look for the

Sobs interrupted her; weeping, she gazed to-wards Heaven, and was silent. The boy, who yet stood with folded hands, suddenly exclaimed with

outstretched finger—
"Mother, look! what is that? Youder moves a light. Youder flies a little star. Look, there it hurries by the window!—Oh, see, now it comes in! How bright, how beautiful it shipes! Look. only look! it has a greenish light. It is almost a

beautiful as the evening star. Now it moves along the ceiling. That is wonderful!

"It is a fire fly, dear Ferdinand," said his mother. "In the day time it is a small unsightly insect, but in the night it gives out a most beautiful light.'

May I catch it?" said the boy. "Will it no hurt me, and will not the light burn me?" "It will not burn thee," said the mother, and she laughed, while the tears streamed down her

"Catch it and examine it closer, it is one of the wonders of God's almighty power."

The boy, entirely forgetful of his sorrow, at once tried to catch the sparkling fire fly, now on the floor, now under the table, now under the

"Ah me, what a pity!" said the boy, for as he stretched out his hand to catch the bright insect, it flew behind the great chest that stood against the wall. He looked under the chest.

"I see it plainly enough," he said; there it is close against the wall; and the white wall and the floor, and every bit of dust near it shines as if the moon shone upon it; but I cannot reach it; my arm is not long enough."

"Have patience," said the mother, "it will soon come out again."

The boy waited a little while, and then came to his mother and said, with a soft imploring voice—

"Mother, do you get it out for me or move the The mother rose, moved the chest from the wall, and the boy took the quiet fire fly, examined it in the hollow of his little hand and was delight-

ed with it.
But his mother's attention was attracted by different object. As she moved the chest, something which had stuck between it and the wall fell the floor. She uttered a loud cry as she

picked it up.

"Ah," she exclaimed, " now all our trouble is over. That is last year's account book, which I have so long looked for in vain. I thought it had been destroyed as of no value, by strangers per haps, while I lay senseless during my illness Now it can be shown that thy father paid the money that they demand of us. Who would have thought that the account book stuck behind the great chest which we took with the cottage, and

which has not been moved since we bought it?"
She at once lighted a lamp, and turned over the leaves of the account, while tears of joy sparkled in her eyes. Everything was correctly put down—the sum which her deceased husband owed of three hundred crowns at the begining of the year, and what he paid off in money and work. Meyar's own hand; "I have settled accounts with James Bloom to

day, (St. Martin's day,) and he now owes me fift The mother struck her hands together with joy

embraced her child, and exclaimed with delight—
"Oh, Ferdinand, give thanks to God, for we now need not leave home; now we can remain in

The mother sto d for a while in silent astonish

ment, and then said—
"Oh! my child, it was God's doings. I feel a

thrill of awe and reverence when I reflect upon it. Look! as we both prayed and wept, there came the sparkling fire-fly, and pointed out the spot where this book was concealed. Yes, truly! God's hand is in all things bowever trifling. Nothing comes by chance. Even the hairs of our head are all numbered; not one of them falls to the ground without his knowledge. Remember this for thy life long, and put thy trust in Him especially in time of need. It is easy for him to aid and to save He does not need to send a shining angel to us He can send us help by a winged insect!

The mother could not sleep that night for joy. Soon after the break of day she took her way to the judge, who at once sent for the heir. He came. He acknowledged the writing as genuine, and was much ashamed of having slandered the woman before the court and having called her a liar. The judge declared he owed her some recompense for the shame and great sorrow which he had caused her. The man was not unwilling to make atone

ment for his injustice. But when the poor woman had related the whole account of her evening prayer, and the ap-pearance of the fire fly, the judge said— "That is the finger of God; he has visibly help

Young Meyer, however, was much moved, and

"Yes, it is so. God is the father of the widow and the fatherless; and their avenger also. Pardon me for harshness towards you. I release you from the payment of the fifty crowps, and if you are at any time in need, come to me, and I will assist you. I now see clearly that those who rust in God he will never forsake-and that confidence in him is safer dependence than great iches. And if I ever come to want or if my wife should be a widow and my children orphans, may

he help us also as he has helped you."

Trust always in him, and he as upright as this poor widow, and help will not be wanting to you time of need.

A bright child asked his mother where he should "To Heaven, I trust," said the mother.

"Shall I have anything to eat there?"
"Yes, love, you will be fed with the bread of "Well, I hope they'll put-lots of butter on it,

oncluded the voungster Fred, the prince of wags, was getting home rather late, and a little bappy; when passing by a dark alley, a large two-fisted fellow seepped out, seized him by the collar, and demanded his mo-

Money," said Fred, "money, I have none; bu if you will hold on a moment, I will give you my note for thirty days.

A dentist presented a bill for the tenth time to "It strikes me," said the latter, "that this is

pretty round bill. Yes, replied the dentist, "I've sent it rou often enough to make it appear so, and I have called now to get it squared."

Our "devil" gets off the following practical bit "Bub, what's become of the hole I saw in you rants the other day?" (Young America, carefully examining his ables.) "It's worn out, sir."

FLIRTATION.

"The world would hardly be worth living in if | t were not for flirtation," exclaimed the gay and thoughtless Isabel Lee, as she laughingly entered

her aunt's room.

"I hope you are not serious," she said.

"There's nothing like firtation!" cried the many book reprotehful—angry y Isabel. "But you look reprotehful—angry."
"Oh, I am not angry," replied Mrs. Berford, with a melancholy smile,

"But you are displeased."

"Your words awaken recollections which cause ne to feel sad, Isabel; that's all. St down here by my side, and you shall hear a story of one of my flirtations, which may change your mind." Isabel sat down, looking thoughtful, and her

aunt continued:

"When I was young, like you, dear child, I
was quite as gay and thoughtless as yourself. I
was called a coquette, and, I shame to confess it,
gloried in the name, until the occurrence of the

minful event I am about to relate.

"Half a dozen times a year I used to visit Cand spend a week or two in the pleasant society in that place. There I frequently met a pale handsome, sensitive young man named Gilborne, who paid me very flattering attentions, making see the theme of several poetic effusions, and with whose partiality I was very well pleased.

"I was warned by many well-incaning friends against encouraging the addresses of so imoulsive a person as Gilborne, who, they said, was nore serious than I, and who might end by falling more deeply in love with me than I expected or desired. I laughed at the idea, and finding the attentions of the young poet still agreeable I con inued to receive them until it was too late."

"Too late! How so, aunt?"
"Why, to my astonishment, he one day made a passionate declaration of love and offered me his hand."

"No, child, I was merely pleased with him — But even then I did not suppose that his love was more than the result of a sudden impulse, which would pass away with my visit to C——. So I re-

spectfully declined his offer, laughed at the idea of marrying at that age, and begged him to dismiss the subject from his mind. On the following day I left C—, and returned home.

"Letters and poetry followed me, breathing the most passionate devotion, and burning with the eloquence of love. They bore no name, but I knew they were from Henry Gilborne; but I was beginning to be very much annoyed. I took coun-sel with my friends, and resolved to send all future epistles back to him unopened. I returned two

etters in this manner, and received no more; but three or four weeks after, I received a newspaper, in which there was a sonnet addressed to me under a fictitious name, and signed with his initials. He had discovered a new mode of reaching me with his passionate effusions; and from that time a sonnet or song, signed 'H. G-, 'came to me in the C—— Gazette nearly every week.

At this time Mr. Berford was paying me his addresses. He was one of nature's noblemen—frank, generous, firm in what he considered right, and, a gentleman in his manners. Having 1-arned a les-

son from the unhappy termination of my last flirta-tions, I received Mr. Berford's attentions in a different manner from what I had been accustomed to do, and in a short time we were married.

The ceremony took place in church. I loved
Mr. Berford. Gilborne was at the moment quite
forgotten, and I was perfectly happy. I had not a thought to disturb the peace of my mind—the calm repose of my heart, which I had so willingly, gladly given away—until, as we were passing from the church, my eyes fell upon a wild, hag-

gard figure, standing near the door.

It was Gilborne. His face was dreadfully pale, his lips ashy, his eyes gleamed with an umatural brightness, and he trembled in every limb. I started, uttered a suppressed cry, and shuddering. clung towny husband's arm. A pang went through

my heart—a pang of remorse and dread which I shall never forget. not reply, but he saw my eye fixed upon the haggard object in the door-way, and knew why I shud-dered, for I had told him something of my unfor-

" Is that Gilborne?" he asked.

"Yes," I murmured. By this time all eyes were fixed upon the un appy man. It was not his pale face and wild eye alone that attracted attention; his dress was disarranged; his long, dark hair fell in disordered locks about his cheeks, and his garments were covered with the dust of travel. But while all eyes and in my alarm and confusion, I felt the blood at first forsake my cheeks, then burn them like fire. Gilborns fell back as we approached the door, and bowed solemnly with his hand on his heart as we passed out. I was glad to lose sight of him, and I ardently hoped that his passion would be

But his image, as he stood there in the door-way haunted my brain, and it was many hours before could compose myself.

I was beginning, however, to feel at ease again in the midst of my wedding guests, when a do tic came to me to say that a person wished to see me in the hall. Thinking it was some invited friend, who had arrived at a late hour. I hastened to the door alone. Imagine my consternation, when I saw the wild figure of Gilborne standing before me.

"How do you do?" he asked, addressing me by "Won't you shake hands with

I gave bi 1 my hand. "You tremble," said he, fixing his wild eye upon my face. "You are not attaid of me,

Oh. no. I replied in an agitated voice, for strange manner frightened me, "why should I be afraid Come in "No, thank you; you have company, I see, and

I make oue guest too many. And I am not dressed for a party," said he, glancing at his dis-ordered attire. "So you will excess me. Ha, ordered attire. "So you will excus ha! Wouldn't I cut a pretty figure?" But I cannot talk with you here," said L.

"Oh, I will not detain you a minute. I have

I have a question to ask you which really so absurd, when I think of it, that I cannot help laughing. They told me," he said, in a pleas ant and confidential tone, "they told me-ha, ha! think of the thing—they told me that you were married!" and he burst into a wild laugh. "I know better," he continued, "but they se it is so, and to satisfy them, I determined to con and ask you, for I suppose you ought to know, if anybody. You are married - ha! ha! I had such a queer dresm; I thought I was st miling in

the church door, and saw you coming out with your husband, and you would not speak to me. Wasn't it queer? and I knew all the time you would never marry anybody but me. And we are not married yet, are we? But who is here to night? I never saw you dressed so beautiful before! Ah, he added, striking his forehead, "I dreamed you were dressed so at your wedding."

Thus the wretched man went on, sometimes aughing and sometimes shedding tears. I knew he was insane; I tried to stop him, but I was too much frightened to speak. In my agitation I took hold of the bell wire and rang. A domestic came, and I sent her for Mr. Berford

"Berford! who is he ?" cried Gilborne, grasping "They told me that was the name of your husband! Say-you are-you are not mar-"Yes, Mr. Gilborne," I replied, trembling so

NO. 2.

that I could hardly speak. I am married, and here is my husband. "To my great relief, I saw Mr. Berford advance into the hall. Gilborne started back, and fixed his eyes upon my husband with a wild and ficrce expression, which caused me to fear for him.

But Edward was undaunted. Returning Gilborne's gaze with a firm, steady, commanding look, he advanced towards him and demanded what he The dangerous spirit of the insane man was completely subdued. He hung his head and burst

"Nothing," he murmured. I want nothing now. I have been dreaming; I will not trouble you again. May you be happy."

He turned and staggered out of the door and I heard his unsteady footsteps die away in the nto tears.

distance.
"Poor wretch," muttered Edward, as he kindly

took my hand, "be is to be pitied! But you are agitated! I hope," he added, in an anxious tone, "you have nothing to blame yourself for in this natter? "I wish I had not," I exclaimed fervently.—
"But, oh, Edward, I feel that I have acted wrong; although, Heaven knows, I never intended he should love me."

"Well, do not repreach yourself too severely,

"Well, do not reproach yourself too severe'y," he replied in a mournful voice. Let us go back to the parior, and forget what has taken place."

We returned together, and Edward's presence alone sustained me for the rest of the evening. Fear, pity, and remorse made my heart faint, and my cheek pale, and I was wretched.

"I think I understand your feelings," said Isabel, who listened with deep interest. "I know how I should have felt under a conviction that any thoughtlessness of mine had ruined a fellow being's happiness—perhaps shattered his intellect! But

thoughtlessness of mine had ruined a fellow being's happiness—perhaps shattered his intellect! But you heard from Gilborne again?"

"Listen! He disappeared. For more than a year he was absent, and nobody knew what had b come of him. At length there came reports to C——, of a thin, haggard youth, who wandered about the country begging for his bread from door about the country begging for his bread from door to door, giving, in return for charity, the touching songs which he sung in a soft, melancholy voice, and the musical tones of an accordeon he carried with him, and which he played with peculiar and feeling skill. Everybody treated him kindly, for although he was evidently of an insane mind, there was a mildness, a melancholy enthusiasm, about him which were all hearts. Search was made for him. His friends were not mistaken in made for him. His friends were not mistaken in their suspicions. He was the wandering Gilborne!"
"Oh, aunt!" exclaimed Isabel, tears filling her

eyes. "They carried him back to C-... For several weeks he seemed contented to remain at home, but, at length, his disposition to wander returned,

and he disappeared again.

"One chilly, rainy day, I was sitting alone in my room amusing myself with my first child—then about six months old—when there was a ring at door. Our domestic had gone out, and there being nobody in the house but me, I left Ella playing on the floor, and went to open the door.
"I started back with an exclamation of alarm.

Gilborne drenched with the cold rain, was standing on the steps. My first impulse was of fear, and would have shut the door in his face, had he not looked up to me and said, in a melancholy voice.— "It rains. May I come in ?"
"I was touched. I held the door open while he entered. There was a fire in the sitting room, and I made him sit down before it to dry his clothes. For ten minutes not a word was spoken by either of us; but his wild eyes followed me about the room wherever I went. I trembled with an indefinable dread, and oh! how ardently I long-ed to hear the footsteps of Edward in the hall. I

tried to speak to the wretched man, but for some reason I could not; and his eyes still followed me "At length, to my dismay, I heard Ella crying

in the next room. Gilborne started, "Is that your child?" he asked. "I trembled as I replied that it was Turning deadly pale, he started from his seat and approach d the room whence the cry proceeded. Much as leared him, I caught his arm. The thought that, n a moment of frenzy, he might do violence to my

child made me desperate.

'You must not go there! I said. I can hardly tell what followed. I remember that his eyes glared upon me with a momentary blaze of maniae passion, that he pushed me from him, that a dizzy sickness came over me, and I fell upon the floor "When I recovered my senses I saw him bending over my darling Eila, as she lay on the rug, gazing up with baby wonder into his face. With a cry of terror I sprang forward. He raised his ad. There was no frenzy in his eyes; but tears

ushed from them, and, rolling down his sallow ecks, fell like rain upon the face of my child. He kissed her, and rising from his knees egged my pardon in a soft and melancholy voice nd words so delicate, that I burst into tears. Beore I could speathe was gone.

" How singular!" exclaimed Isabel.
" From that day Gilborne's insanity disappeared. He is now a minister in C--,"

"Is that the man, the pious, benevolent, mild

eacher, whom everybody loves so well?"
"The same. He turned to Heaven the affecons which were thrown away upon my unworthy self. I believe he is happy, but even now, when hear of thoughtless flirtations, I am pained by the reflections which they call up."
"But they seldom have such a melancholy termation, dear aunt," timidly suggested Isabel.
"True. Disappointments in love generally leave

sorrow in the heart, without shattering the brain. But there are beings of such fine and sensitive na-tures, that the health of both the mind and body depend upon the soundness of their affection. Isabel bowed her head to hide a blush and a tear; and from that time she was never known to indulge in thoughtless flirtations.

A barrister entered one of the Four Courts, Dub'in, with his wig so much awry as to cause a general titter. Seeing Currra smile, he said—
'Do you see anything ridiculous in my wig?"
"No," replied Curran, "nothing but your head.

In the Senate of New York, recently, a petitio was presented from Randall Breed, asking that his name might be changed to Lyman Breed Randall. The reason given was, that the lady he wished to marry had an objection to the Breed.

subscribe to a course of lectures, declined, "bc-cause," said he, "my wife gives me a lecture every night for nothing." An editor out West married a girl named

A gentleman having lately been called on to

Caurch. He says he has enjoyed more real hap-piness since he joined the Church, that he ever knew in all his life before. The following is said to be a recipe for making Rochester Alderman's sandwich. Brandy at the

bottom, gin at the top, and water between, the latter thin as it can be spread. The man who made an impression on the heart of a coquette, has taken out a patent for stone cutting.

An Irishman was challenged to fight a duel, but

declined on the plea that he did not wish to leave his ould mother an orphan. Friendship is a silent gensleman that makes no arade; the true heart dances no hornpipe on the ongue.

A brave man is one who isn't afraid to wear old clothes until he is able to pay for new.

Curious Mode of Getting a Y

One little act of politeness will sometimes pave the way to fortune and preferment. The following sketch illustrates this fact:

A sailor, roughly garbed, was sauntering through the streets of New Orleans, then in a rather damp condition from recent rain and the rise of the tide. Turning the corner of a much frequented alley, he observed a young lady standing in perplexity, apparently measuring the depth of muddy water between her and the opposite sidewalk with no very satisfied countenance.

satisfied countenance.

The sailor paused, for he was a great admirer of beauty, and certainly the fair face that peeped out from under the little chip hat, and auburn curls hanging glossy and unconfined over her muelin dress, might tempt a curious or admiring glance. Perplexed, the lady put forth one little foot, when the gallant sailor with characteristic impulsiveness exclaimed: "That pretty fcot, lady, should not be soiled with the filth of this lane; wait for a moment only, and

the filth of this lane; wait for a moment only, and I will make you a path."

So, springing past her into a carpenter's sho opposite, he bargained for a plank board that stood in the doorway, and coming back to the smillingirl who was just coquettish enough to accept the services of the handsome young sailor, he bridge the narrow black stream, and she tripped across with a merry "thank you," and a roguish smill making her eyes as deziling as they could be.

Also our young sailor was perfectly charmed.—

Making her eyes as dazzing as they charmed.—
Alas, our young sailor was perfectly charmed.—
What else could make him catch up and shoulder the plank, and follow the little witch through the careta to her home; she twice performed the careta to her home; she twice performed the careta to her home; emony of "walking the plank," and each time thanking him with one of her eloquent smiles.— Presently our young hero saw the young lady trip ap the marble steps of a palace of a house, and disappear within its rosewood entrance; for a full moment he stood looking at the door, and then with a wonderful big sigh turned away, disposed of his draw-bridge and wended his path back to his birs.

his ship.

The next day he was astonished by an order of The next day he was astonished by an order of promotion from the captain. Poor Jack was speechless with amazement; he had not dreamed of being exalted to the dignity of the second mate's office on board one of the most splendid ships that sailed out of the port of New Orleans. He knew he was competent, for instead of spending his money for amusements, visiting theatres and bowling alleys on his return from sea, he purchased books and became quite a student; but he

and bowling alleys on his return from sea, he purchased books and became quite a student; but he expected years to intervene before his ambitious hopes would be realized.

His superior officers seemed to look upon his with considerably leniency, and gave him many a fair opportunity of gathering maritime knowledge; and in a year the handsome, gentlemanly young mate had acquired unusual favor in the eyes of the portly commander. Cantain Hume eyes of the portly commander, Captain Hume, who had first taken the smart little black-eyed fellow, with his neat tarpaulin and tidy bundle, as cabin boy.

One night, the young man, with all the officers,

One night, the young man, with all the officers, was invited to an entertainment at the captain's house. He went, and to his astonishment mounted the identical steps up which two years before had tripped the bright vision he had never forgotten. Thump went his brave heart, as he was ashered into the great parlor, and like a sledge-hammer it beat again, when Captain Hume introduced his blue-eyed daughter, with a pleasant smile, as "the young lady once indebted to your smile, as "the young lady once indebted to you politeness for a safe and dry walk home." His yes were all a slaze, and his brown cheeks flushed hotly as the noble captain sauntered away, leaving fair Grace Hume at his side. And in all that assembly there was not so handsome a couple as the

It was only a year from that, the second mate trod the quarter-deck, second only in command, and part owner with the captain, not only in his vessel, but is the affections of his daughter-gentle Grace Hume—who had always cherished respect, to say nothing of love, for the bright-eyed sailor.

His homely, but carnest act of politeness to-wards his child had pleased the captain, and, though the youth knew it not, was the cause of his first promotion. So that now the old man has retired from business, Harry Wells is Captaiu Wells, and Grace Hume, according to polite parlance, Mrs. Captain Wells. In fact our honest sailor is one of the richest men in the Crescent City, and he owes, perhaps, the greater part of his prosperity to his tact and politeness in crossing the

The Sabbath School

God help the young man, or the young wo who thinks himself or too good, to go to the Sabbath School! Many do think so, and say so, too!

Ignorant! Yes, ignorant. They have not been trained up as Yes, ignorant. They have not been trained up as they ought to have been. Their Parents will have to answer before the throne of God, for their own and their children's ignorance. Had these parents been faithful in the discharge of their own duties, their children would have esteemed it a delight—an honor—to be present in the Sabbath School, and instead of considering themselves too big, would rejoice on that account, because it would make them more useful, for their example would be more imitated and their influence more extended.

ated and their influence mere extended.

Too big to go to the Sabbath School! not too big, nor too little either, to die! You are not too big, nor too proud, nor too conceited, nor too good, to go to other places on the Sabbath day to walk about the streets to show your finery and talk nonsense on that holy day—you are not too big to do this, although you ought to be but you are too big to go to the Sabbath School, where you might both do and get good.

You would be askamed! Ashamed to go to the Sabbath School! Ashamed for what! Your ignorance! You ought to be Listen. There is a day a coming when you and all the world will stand before the throne of God. You the world will stand before the throne of God. You are ashamed of Christ and his cause now—then, Ife, the judge of the living and the dead, will be ashamed of you. What, then, will you do? The earth will melt in the flames of that dreadful day. What will become of you! Where will you go. Better you had never been born. Go to the Sabbath School and learn your duty. Too big you may be in your own opinion. If you knew how little you were in the opinion of sensible people, you would feel your real insignificance. God help you—no on felse can do anything for you. And if he is ashamed of you in the day of judgment, as he is ashamed of you in the day of judgment, as you are now ashamed of him and his co

Sabbath day as you will wish you had spent it, when you come to die, come to the Sixth Presbyterian Church, corner of Maryland avenue and Sixth street, where you will be welcome, and where you can make yourself useful to others and to yourself. PRESTICE AS A LECTURER.-We perceive that George D. Prentice, Esq., has been lecturing at Hartford, Connecticut. His subject was, "The Political Aspect of the Country." The Hartford Free Press gives the following as a passage of the

Are there any in this family who think they are too big to go to the Sabbath School?

If you do not go to any Sabbath School, (and there are five thousand children in Washington who do not) and would like to begin to spend the

discourse:

"The nation is bristling all over with repugnancies. Who shall arrest these evils? The race of statesmen, of giants, has departed, and no successors appear. We have public men in abundance, but no statesmen. Three-fourths of them are reckless demagogues, who regard first themselves, and then—nothing. Across the polished brass of their souls not the most distant thought of the good of the country ever flits. There is not enough moral courage in a hundred politicians to stiffen one upper lip. They dare not stand up and say their souls are their own, or if they do, they append a 'subject to the Constitution' and the majority. Backboneless, they stand up like empty bags, or basely prostrate themselves at the fast of faction, instead of being leaders of the multitude. They represent only the pot-house and the club-They represent only the pot-house and the club room. It is easy to flatter our national vanity, but the truth must be told. The North and the South are piling up combustibles which the lightning may fire."